H. R. FREEBORN, Gentlemen's Hosier, Glover, and Complete Outfitter,
TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.—COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS, CROSS STREET, and 2, VICTORIA STREET (late of the Arcade).

VOL. III.—No. 79. MANCHESTER, Saturday, February 12th. Price One Penny.

Fresh Arrivals of Tea at
J. F. MART'S
ESTABLISHMENTS,
Opposite Town Hall, Salford;
110, Borough Buildings, London Road,
AND
62, Oldham Road, Manchester.

Congou . . 2s. 2s. 4d. 2s. 6d.
Fine Pekoe-flavour, 2s. 8d.
Finest Imported, Rich Pekoe-flavor, 3/- & 3/4.
Choicest Gatherings—Rich full-flavoured Lapsong Souchong, 4s.

RUPTURES.—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the
IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS.
Deformity Instruments, Artificial Limbs, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid appliances.
26, OLD MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

SILVER LEVER WATCHES £3. 3s. to £6. 6s
Silver Horizontal ditto, £1. 10s. to £3. 3s.
Gold Lever ditto.....£7. 10s. to £21. 0s.
Gold Horizontal ditto, £3. 3s. to £7. 7s.
Every Watch accurately timed and guaranteed.
JEWELLERY
Of every description, in new and choice designs.
GOLD GUARD AND ALBERT CHAINS
In great variety.
T. ARMSTRONG & BROTHER,
Watch and Clock Manufacturers, Goldsmiths, &c.
88, DEANSGATE.
Dining and Drawing-room Clocks, Hall Clocks, Alarums, &c., in every variety. Lowest net prices only charged.

FOR REPAIRS
TO
LOCKS AND BELLS,
SMITHS' WORK,
TURNING OR FITTING,
APPLY TO
J. BENTLEY,
12, *HARDMAN STREET, DEANSGATE.*

UNDER THE BELIEF
That certain Irish houses distil the spirit which they sell, and that no one else can get the same, the public pay very high prices. This is a delusion, as those houses buy in the market like other dealers.
In competition we ask a comparison of our
OLD IRISH
AT 18S. PER GALLON.

James Smith & Company,
WINE MERCHANTS,
28, Market Street,
MANCHESTER
Liverpool and Birmingham.

BILLIARDS.

Geo. A. Metcalfe,
BILLIARD TABLE
MANUFACTURER,
4, St. Mary's-st., Manchester.

Price Lists and Estimates on application. BAGATELLE TABLES of various sizes always in stock.

Tables expressly made for Working Men's Clubs.

REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

HIGH-CLASS MEERSCHAUM PIPES.
Paris and Vienna, at prices very little if any higher than those usually charged for ordinary qualities.
SAMUEL LAMB, 20, CROSS STREET, Two doors from the New Exchange, Manchester.—First Qualities only kept in Stock.

Wedding Breakfasts,
BALL SUPPERS, and DINNERS Supplied, by
MESSRS. PARKER AND SON:
ST. MARY'S GATE,
In the most fashionable style, on moderate terms, including the hire of plate, china, glass, &c. An elegant assortment of Bridecakes always ready. Bills of fare for any number, with prices, sent post free.

COLONIAL ASSURANCE CORPORATION
LIMITED.
CHIEF OFFICES:
36, COLEMAN STREET, LONDON, E.C.
BRANCH OFFICES:
LORD'S CHAMBERS, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER.
H. COX, District Manager.
ACCIDENTAL AND LIFE INSURANCE COMBINED.

JOHN CAVANAH, HATTER, BOOTMAKER, and OUTFITTER, "Number Eleven," Oxford-st., (St. Peters). Agent for LINCOLN and BENNETT'S and CHRISTY'S HATS. Walking, Dress, & Sword Sticks, Canes, Umbrellas; Knapsacks, Portmanteaus Valises, Satchels, Bags; Mackintoshes, Overcoats, Rugs, &c., in great variety.

BRITISH MUSEUM 5 MA 70

A FEW FACTS ABOUT TRAMWAYS.

SEEING from various published remarks upon the subject, that the operation of Street Tramways is very imperfectly understood, the advocates for the system in this district desire to make the following simple statement of facts, with the view of aiding in the formation of a sound and correct PUBLIC OPINION upon the subject.

The Promoters of Street Tramways are prepared for opposition. It is the fate of every improvement to encounter it. Railways were denounced as "visionary." Towns which opposed the approach of them afterwards begged to have branch lines made to them.

The watermen opposed river steamboats. The introduction of gas lamps was opposed for fear we should be blown out of our beds.

But all these "dangerous innovations" have become accomplished facts.

Tramways have, in their turn, been opposed by a section of people in most places as they will be here. But they exist in scores of towns on the Continent, and especially in America. In no city which has possessed them would the inhabitants on any account consent to be deprived of them.

Manchester must not, and will not, lag behind all the chief cities in Christendom.

TRAMWAYS SAVE THE PUBLIC TIME.
TRAMWAYS INCREASE THE PUBLIC COMFORT.

The cause is assailed by the ugly charge of "MONOPOLY."

The supposition that the streets, or any portions of them, are intended to be "monopolised," is entirely fallacious. No body of persons could expect that any portion of the public highways would be given up for their exclusive benefit. The promoters of Tramway Bills do not deny that they expect to *share* in the general benefit arising from their adoption, by being enabled to save in horse power; but they do not seek this share at any body's cost. They contend that the public also will benefit in more than an equal degree.

The ownership of the street is not changed. Even the *use of the surface* is no more monopolised than it is by any cart or carriage passing any given point at any given moment of time.

The whole of the street between the rails, and the surface of the rails themselves, will be as much at the service of the public as at present.

The rails will be placed exactly level with the pavement, so that any vehicle can pass over or along them without the slightest hindrance.

Tramways must conduce to public convenience, for:—In the year 1868 the Tramways of Copenhagen carried over 4,000,000 fares; the population being 160,000 only.

In one year the Tramways of Philadelphia carried 30,000,000 fares.

In the year 1867, six of the street Tramways of New York and Brooklyn conveyed 78,000,000 passengers with 4,830 horses, whilst in London, the "General Omnibus Company" carried only half the number with the use of 6,677 horses. The population of New York is 2,000,000. That of London 3,000,000.

TRAMWAYS SAVE THE PUBLIC MONEY.

This is effected by the greatly reduced wear and tear of the street pavements, and consequently reduced pressure upon the Public Rates, as the pavement of that portion of road used by them is kept in repair at the cost of the Company, and the wear of the other portion is enormously reduced by the omnibus traffic abstracted from it.

The certificates of numerous Road Surveyors attest this fact; and it is matter of surprise that suburban road authorities, of all persons in the world, should oppose Tramways, for such a course is opposed to the interests and convenience of those they represent.

Powers are sought to lay down double lines only in cases where the streets are wide enough to leave clear room for a stream of ordinary traffic on *each side* of the street.

It is said that the streets in America are much wider than English streets. This is not the case. From a comparison of the streets of New York and Philadelphia, and other American cities, with our streets, it is found that America has no advantage over England in this respect.

Let Ratepayers ponder the following fact:—

"Whilst the carriages of the London General Omnibus Company passed over 13,000,000 miles of street, kept in repair by the authorities at the expense of the ratepayers, the carriages of the New York and Brooklyn street railways passed over 11,700,000 miles of street kept in repair at the expense of the companies."

WHY REFUSE A SIMILAR ADVANTAGE HERE?

RATEPAYERS,

do not be led by the blind prejudices of the few into opposing the real interests of this community! Examine these matters for yourselves, and you will find that every objection to this important social movement can be successfully repelled, and will feel it your duty to

SIGN THE PETITION

IN FAVOUR OF TRAMWAYS.

THE "MAIN" PRINTING OFFICES.

J. G. KERSHAW & CO.

LITHOGRAPHERS AND LETTERPRESS PRINTERS,

BY STEAM POWER,

Patent Ledger and Account Book Manufacturers,

37, OXFORD STREET, PORTLAND STREET,

MANCHESTER.

LITHOGRAPHED

DRAWINGS OF MACHINERY, MAPS, PLANS OF ESTATES, &c.

BANKERS' NOTES, CHEQUES, DRAFTS, &c.

Circulars, Invoices, Statements, Prices Current, Note Heads, &c.

Plain & Ornamental Tickets

FOR SHIPPERS AND THE HOME TRADE.

ALL THE MOST USEFUL SIZES OF STAR AND PATTERN TICKETS KEPT IN STOCK.

General Commercial Lithographic Printing of every description, by their Patent Anglo-French Steam Machine.

PATTERN BOOKS

AND SHEETS FOR MUSLIN AND CALICO PRINTERS.

Every branch of the Printing and Stationery Trade executed on the Premises.

PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS OF "THE SPHINX,"

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.—PRICE ONE PENNY.

HOW TO BE HAPPY

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

(Continued from our last).

ON entering the shop we found so many others occupying the attention of the attendants, that we had some opportunity of seeing what was going on before we were observed. Near the window, a party consisting of three ladies, an elderly gentleman, and a little girl, were sitting around a sewing machine eagerly watching, while one after another worked it for two or three minutes. One of the young women was at hand to lend any needed assistance; but even the elderly gentleman stitched away without the slightest difficulty, and the little girl made a hem so perfect, they all declared that they had never seen another like it.

A little farther on, in another family party, one of those restless boys who never seem content unless in mischief, in spite of maternal protestations, eagerly accepted the invitation of the saleswoman, and whirled the machine with all his little might.

"Oh! Neddie! Neddie!" exclaimed all together in alarm; but Neddie only drove the faster, and when they saw that no harm came of it, they breathed freely again.

Then the shopwoman showed why the machine was unlikely to go wrong, even with rough usage: it could not turn backward on account of the brake, and there was really no machinery at all likely to get out of order. She showed how both ends of the seam were locked by the machine itself, how strong the sewing was, and yet how it might be unlocked and taken out; then replacing the cotton with a reel of coarse silk, and the needle with a larger one, in half-a-minute was embroidering a piece of velveteen, and explaining how the needle was always set right, because there was no way to set it wrong.

My friend touched my elbow and said, *sotto voce*, "It takes me half-an-hour to change needles, and I can hardly ever get my machine to work after breaking one."

In a retired portion of the room were a score or so of women, under the supervision of a forewoman, all diligently working. I afterwards learned this was a part of the Willcox and Gibbs Free Sewing School.

"Are they really sewing, I don't hear them," said I to my friend.

"It is the *Silent* Sewing Machine, ladies; would you like to see something of it?"

We readily accepted the courteous attention, saw the working of the machine in practised hands; tried it ourselves; "How easy!" examined it as well as we could, and having spent a good half-hour most agreeably, and having, so far as we could see, completely mastered the machine, arose to go, expressing our gratification at the pleasure we had certainly enjoyed, and the advantage we hoped to get from our visit. I added,

"I am intending to purchase a sewing machine if I can find a good one within my comprehension, and also within my means."

"It is within everybody's means, madam, as it may be paid for, if desirable, by monthly instalments of £1 or more, at the ready-money price, and without any disadvantage whatever. As to the quality of the machine, and your ability to work it, you may decide after using it a month."

"And if I shoudn't like it, or couldn't use it?"

"You would be quite at liberty to return it, and would have nothing to pay."

"What if it were injured?"

"With ordinary care there is no danger. The machine is very easy to manage, as you have seen, never gets out of order, and will grow in your liking every day. If you do not find it quite satisfactory, you have only to return it, and there's no harm done."

"You are safe in making the trial, at all events," said my friend.

"I am unnecessarily cautious, perhaps, for I have been told that this was only a chain-stitch machine, but your terms afford me exactly the opportunity I want; and really, if your machine is as good as it seems to be, the plan of trial before purchase must be as profitable to you as it is inviting to me."

"Our stitch is different from *any other*, and belongs to this Company under patent. No one else can manufacture machines making the Willcox and Gibbs Stitch, except under license from us. On this account the whole sewing machine trade are hostile to us. The double-thread people call us chain-stitch to frighten you away from us; and the chain-stitch people represent that their stitch is the same as the WILLCOX AND GIBBS, in order to appropriate our reputation. Such competition is not honourable, of course, but it is not uncommon."

"After all," I said "the name is of little account."

"A name sometimes caries great weight, madam: the name lock-stitch, for example, has had its thousands of victims, to whom it conveys a sense of security!"

"I suppose I have been one of the victims," said my friend.

"The so-called lock-stitch seam has one kind of security—it does not rip *very far*, but being inelastic it breaks *often*, and rips far enough to compel frequent mending; but the Willcox and Gibbs is abundantly elastic and secure."

When George came home that night, three or four of the children showed by their performances what an easy victory they had gained: and I believe George enjoyed the sewing machine in his way as well as the rest of us. My friend had one on trial at the same time, and her two old ones went in part payment at the end of the month. Her husband afterwards told George, that double-thread was double-expense as well as double-trouble—that the cost of the exchange had been paid over and over again by the saving of wages and repairs, to say nothing of the comfort of having a quiet evening with his family.

WILLCOX & GIBBS SEWING MACHINE CO.,
16, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER.

G.R. Allinson, General Manchester Warehouse) Families supplied. Any length cut from the Piece at Wholesale Prices. (54 and 54a, High-street, and 13, Church-street.

[LIVING MEN OF LETTERS.]

10.—MRS. BEECHER STOWE.

THE name at the head of this is not written in fun. Genius is of no sex, and in compliment to Miss Becker, Susan B. Anthony, and other of the epicœne gender, we call women men when treating of them as authors.

In writing of this living author, we shall have to speak of the dead. It will be necessary that we should keep our motto in view, "De mortuis, nequenon de vivis nil *nisi verum*." Not *bonum*, we do not believe in that. When the parson reads the lessons for Good Friday, he reiterates plainly St. John's assertion about Barabbas, long since gone to *his* rest, such as it is—"Now Barabbas was a robber." St. Luke tells us that he was a seditious person and a murderer, and truly those are titles not to be reckoned among the *bona* of this world, yet is any one to be blamed for them?

> *De mortuis nil nisi bonum!*
> Fine words, I wonder much who'd own 'em!
> What! when a man has all his life
> Nothing delighted in but strife,
> Has robbed the orphan and the widow—

shall this man go to his rest belauded and bedaubed with praise? If so, then we echo the words written by Mr. Swinburne in the *Britannia Magazine*—

> Oh! World and thy ways we must sever.

But enough of this. Before our readers come to the end of this article, they will find out the why and the wherefore of this diatribe.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the best abused woman in Europe and America, was born in New England, sometime at the beginning of the present century, since, although biographies are silent upon ladies' ages, we find her "relinquishing the thought of domestic life," and, about 1822, "interesting herself actively in the advancement of her countrywomen," by joining her sister in a school which numbered one hundred and fifty pupils. Mrs. Stowe is the daughter of a remarkable man, who rejoiced in the name of Dr. Lyman Beecher, and as, out of ten surviving children, eight became authors of more or less repute—generally of less—we may presume that the intellectual faculties were at very high pressure. Dr. Lyman Beecher had not the honour to boast that he had "fit intu the Revolution," as he was only born a very few years before that Remarkable Event, but he was a self-made man, sir, and from a blacksmith became a professor and principal of a Presbyterian College. He did this fairly, having passed at Yale, and having paid his expenses with money that he had saved.

Mrs. Stowe, very wisely it seems to us, in spite of the immense vigour which we know women of genius possess, *testibus* Dr. Mary Walker, Miss Lydia Becker, Susan B. Anthony, and others, determined to marry and to depend upon the exertions of one of the inferior sex. The happy individual chosen by fate was Mr., or rather the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, a Professor of Biblical History in the Lane Seminary, whereat her father presided. Happily, in America, they have a way of calling ushers professors, and Calvin E. Stowe, as mild and excellent a gentleman as ever believed in eternal and predestined misery, ground biblical learning into the youth of Lane Seminary.

For seventeen summers and winters the honeymoons of this intellectual couple came again and again, with that extraordinary regularity to be observed in the planet which controls our months. They did not fail once, nor were they for a moment interrupted. In the meantime, Mrs. Beecher Calvin Harriet E. Stowe "revealed herself," as one of the eight authors of the Beecher line, only in small magazines, which, when she became famous, were collected and published as the *Mayflower* and *Two Ways of Spending the Sabbath*. That she should persist, although the wife of a professor, in calling a Christian Sunday or day of rest the "Sabbath," will serve to mark one of Mrs. Stowe's peculiarities, and also her religious tendency. These stories were, we are told, chiefly remarkable for their high moral purpose.

It happened that not far from Mrs. Stowe's dwelling was the "famous underground railway"—no excavation, but a secret corduroy tramway, upon which fugitive slaves were passed from their masters to the hands of abolitionists, Quakers, and others, who aided them until they got into that true land of Freedom, the British territory. For it is worthy of remark, that while a few Yankees had been frothing over and spouting about liberty and getting drunk on the imperceptible essence, England possessed the reality. Mrs. Stowe often heard the rattle of the cars of the fugitive slaves and the tramp and gallop of the horses of the pursuers, and it says well for her woman's heart that, from the tales she heard, she was moved to write the most powerful and popular story that ever was written against slavery. It is very well to sneer at the story now; it did more than Lloyd Garrison and a thousand spouters did; it stirred the heart of all the Americans, who had *not* slaves, to take them away from those who had. In vain people declared, and quite truly, that the book was exaggerated, painted from only one side of the question; that Uncle Toms were not all angels, nor Legrees all devils. People read the book and the effect was marvellous. The same mob who, excited by the slave owners, were ready to burn the houses of Professors Lyman Beecher and E. Stowe, cheered the courageous little woman as she walked out, and bought up the numbers of the *National Era*, in which the story was published, as fast as they could.

This was in 1850; it is only twenty years ago. In the next year the famous book reached England, and our famous pioneers of progress, the publishers, pirated it with the greatest eagerness. We hope they paid Mrs. Stowe something; we don't think that many of them did, whereas the Americans, whom we abuse, do pay *our* authors a trifle. In the meantime, edition after edition was produced in America; the work was translated into almost every European language; and, through the cheap editions of our pirates, the work was read in the castle as well as the cottage:—no, we don't want the last noun first; we always remark how fond rich people are of cheap editions. German artists lithographed the heavenly Tom and little Eva; spooney young couples christened their first sheincumbrance by that name, hence so many open-mouthed and fair-haired damsels of eighteen or nineteen dignified with that Paradisaic appellation are now to be met with. Similarly all black kittens were called "Topsy." Uncle Tom was popular even amongst the virtuous Irishmen, who swore that slavery was an accursed thing, and immediately shot their land agent with an increased steadiness of aim, and Russian noblemen wept over the sorrows of their black brethren as they signed the order to purchase another fifty serfs. So it was; but Mrs. Stowe had, for all that, driven

a nail into the coffin of slavery; and the dramatic force and reality of the story—our inventive playwrights at once turned it to some profit—were such that they would have carried a far worse story through.

In 1852 Mrs. Stowe published a far worse and a far less successful book, which she had better have left alone. It was called *A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and contained an immense assortment of cruelties as practised against the slaves. The hatred between the whites who had inherited slavery and those who availed themselves of the benefits of the institution, while they reviled their fellow-citizens of the South, was intensified. In pursuing Abolition, Mrs. Stowe had made herself a class writer, and the bitter fruits were yet to be born.

In 1853 the celebrated authoress and her husband visited England, and the little woman met with an "ovation." We must use a press word to express a press triumph. Even the haughty, exclusive, and very stupid English aristocracy opened its doors to her. It does not read much, it is so busy with frivolities, but it had heard of Uncle Tom, and it wanted to see Mrs. Stowe, as it wants to see a juggler. It found her a singularly quiet, self-possessed little woman, with a plain but *good*-looking face, brown hair, quiet brown eyes, calm, honest, and earnest. She was not of the *haut-ton*, did not own the thin tall figure and aristocratic Roman nose of our English belles any more than does our homely and somewhat diminutive Queen, but *en revanche* she was a lady. She held her own among dukes and duchesses, and to do them justice, they who are rather afraid of literary people were very glad to meet her and to find her so "nice." All England turned out to greet her; the bold and warlike Lord Mayor of the period was glad to catch her at the Mansion House, and exhibit her to the Lady Mayoress and various she-aldermen. So greatly is literature honoured in our country! Of course Jane Austen, who was ten times as clever and twenty times as observant, was left to die without notice—but then she was an Englishwoman, and our people as yet understand Sensation only, not Art. Mrs. Stowe was delighted, and published her adventures in a series of letters, and afterwards a book called *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*. All the critics who had not shared the opportunities of seeing Mrs. Stowe's fine people, fell on this book tooth and nail, and cut it into fine shreds, but is a woman to be blamed if she lost her head a little bit? Did not Mrs. Stowe receive a noble deputation at Stafford House, headed by the pious Lord Shaftesbury, who then and there read an address of the Ladies of England to Mrs. Stowe, expressing the deepest sympathy with the cause she had at heart? Honestly speaking, the American authoress behaved very well and very modestly indeed.

In 1854, *Sunny Memories* was published; in 1856, *Dred, a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp*, came out and fell dull and dreary on the sated public ear. Still it was a tale of really great power, and wonderfully well written. In 1859, she issued the *Minister's Wooing;* in 1861 she published, simultaneously in the *Atlantic* and the *Cornhill*, *Agnes of Sorrento;* and in 1865 a series of very dull poor essays called *House and Home Papers*.

Till the September of 1869, Mrs. Stowe, who had made her one great splash, was content to be perfectly still and to subside as quietly as any very popular person may subside. Was not William the Conqueror left to die alone? Have we not heard that more than two of England's prime ministers have been left utterly abandoned in their last hours? Did not even the last Infallible Pope, Gregory XVI., when his lips could no longer pronounce a blessing, lie deserted and neglected till he faded away into the next world, wherein his Infallibility will have to answer like the rest of us? Mrs. Stowe toned down into nothing, and was quite quiet until September, 1869, when simultaneously in the *Atlantic Monthly* and in *Macmillan's Magazine*, she published the most astounding and terrible charge against Lord Byron, as solving the mystery of his unhappy married life.

We do not defend her, although let us boldly say, even in opposition to the opinion of the *Sphinx*, that we entirely believe Lady Byron's story, and think that it is proved beyond a doubt. Lady Byron's own letter to Mrs. Villiers, in 1816, cautious, guarded, reticent, not indignantly denying nor fairly meeting the odious charge, proves it. But in the general madness, Mr. Hayward, Q.C., in the *Quarterly*, cites it as a disproof. One can hardly forgive a lawyer for *that* folly. Dr. Charles Mackay, as blunder-headed as a Scots poet need be, published *Medora Leigh*, the most dreadful story of modern days, and proves that Medora, her sister, Mrs. Trevanion, Trevanion, Captain de B., and an acute attorney, knew and believed and acted on the truth of the story, and that Dr. Lushington neither pooh-poohed nor denied it as lately as 1842; and yet Mackay calls his dreadful book a vindication! In *Temple Bar*, as early as June last, the terrible tale was not obscurely hinted at and proved, by a solicitor with entirely independent views, and from Lord Byron's own words. The *Saturday Review* proves Byron guilty of the crime by cumulative evidence of the strongest kind; and all sorts of papers—from *Fun* and the *Athenæum*, which are not very clever, to the *Quarterly*, which is very clever, and defends Mr. Murray's copyright property—are indignant at the attack on the noble and pure poet! How blind and forgetful we are!

But from Mrs. Stowe the story should never have come, yet, since it has come, it will never die. Only Dr. Lushington can say authoritatively whether it be true, and he has imitated Lady Byron's silence; and she only counselled Mrs. Stowe, and never, we take it, authorized her to *publish* her story; and, while Dr. Lushington could have cleared, if the "innocent" theory be true, Mrs. Leigh and Lord Byron with a word, he has been silent, and let judgment go by default! Mrs. Stowe's was a bad piece of work artistically. She said at first too much and too little; she gave few dates or statistics, and in those she did give she blundered But the effect on the public has been immense. Let the reader remember these eight points, and we shall be satisfied:

1. That politically and socially the composition and publication of *Don Juan*, that gross sin against society, was a worse crime than that of which Byron is accused. 2. That the "noble poet," immediately on driving his wife out of his home, rushed off to Shelley, abroad, and seduced Mrs. Shelley's sister, by whom he had Allegra. 3. That, leaving that child's mother, he went, according to Moore himself and Guiccioli, and kept a harem at Venice. 4. That he was surprised by one ignorant mistress tampering with her sister, and is delighted when the indignant woman struck this sister sixteen times and then fell into fits, in which her husband found her. 5. That Lord Byron habitually insults and sneers at the British public, and was about to fly to America when the more romantic Grecian expedition was urged on him. 6. That this *petit maitre* of a poet habitually curled his hair, shaved his forehead at the top and at the sides, and painted himself grand and heroic only in crime, as Bottom roared like a lion to frighten the ladies, or like a sucking dove to please them. 7. That all his larger works have in them the seeds of corruption, and that even Maginn and Theodore Hook joined in condemning *Don Juan*, which has long been sold in appropriate sealed packets in Holywell Street. 8. That in all this long controversy about Mrs. Stowe, not one record has leapt to light

which is not a shame and a disgrace to the poet. Mrs. Stowe has effected all this.

Thanks to the poets, and eternal praise
* * * *
Who gave us nobler thoughts and brighter days,

says one great good man, but shame to him who soils his singing robes with the spots of the Lupanar, and introduces to the quiet home and pure drawing room of middle life the literature of the haunts of the impure.

This is all we will say. Mrs. Stowe has flushed game twice, but has not bagged it. Had the South read the effect of *Uncle Tom* rightly, it would have given freedom to the slave before the North played *that* trump card, and would now have been free itself. Had Mrs. Stowe been a calm logician instead of a sensitive and romantic lady, she would have held her tongue about Byron, or when she published, have done her work so completely that none could have gainsaid it. We do not hesitate to say that it has as yet to be proved true—but that it will be so proved, we have as little doubt.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—As our valued contributor, in the foregoing paper, has himself indicated the antagonistic position which he has assumed towards the views on the Byron-Leigh story so frequently expressed in our columns, it is almost unnecessary for us to say that we dissent from his conclusions on that subject. We would merely observe that the truth or falsehood of the story receives no confirmation whatever from the evidence of Lord Byron's subsequent immoralities or the impure and demoralizing character of *Don Juan* and many other of his works, and, in the interests of truth, we think it ought not to be imported into the controversy.]

DESERTED CHURCHES.

ST. GEORGE'S, ROCHDALE ROAD.

WE believe neither Oldham Road nor Rochdale Road is usually considered the favourite promenade of the aristocracy. There would be plenty of room for their carriages in Oldham Road, if they took it into their heads to drive in that direction. They might have a procession, twenty a-breast almost, if they wanted to breathe the balmy air of Gaggs Fields, or to see Newton standing on his native Heath. It is certainly one of the finest roads out of Manchester, but its borderings are for the most part "slummy," and the places it leads to are not to be thought of without a shudder. Places where an antediluvian Reformer turns up every now and then, who, having spent most of his life in looking after other people's politics, is now, in default of means of his own, charitably maintained, at the expense of his friends' descendants, in a kind of Reform "Union." Or a patriarch, who sits down to tea with three hundred and seventy-five descendants, none of whom ever "partook of intoxicating beverages," or wore spectacles, or, as we may probably add, spoke their native tongue with any approach to Lindley Murray's "propriety."

We were insensibly led into these thoughts the other Sunday morning, when, after entering Oldham Street, a chapel and a chop-house on each hand, we emerged into the open plain called New Cross. We didn't see the cross; perhaps the old one has been taken down and the new one not yet put up; but, although there was no cross, we couldn't add "no Crown," as it was there in the form of a gin-palace, fortunately shut up, for a few hours, from doing mischief. Pursuing our way along Oldham Road towards the object we had in view, we "paused in life's pleasures" here and there to look at the collections of photographic portraits in the shop windows, open even on Sunday, or in show-cases hung outside the doors. There were the British workman and his wife or daughter, grim and scowling, in greater variety of ugliness than we had thought possible, a prize-fighter or two, and a few professional pedestrians in a light summer costume of a striped silk handkerchief, as a loin-cloth, and a pair of shiny strong shoes. We shall probably hear of them again, when too much beer has spoiled them for that walk of life, as converted race-runners in some of the Hosanna bands which co-operate on Sundays in the various halls in Downing Street, Medlock Street, and elsewhere. But we had an object in view, as we before intimated, not in sight, but in our mind's eye, and the object was—St. George's Church. Passing the railway goods-station, and turning round the corner of it to the left, we went down a road which had all the characteristics of a street, except houses, and, passing through a short kind of tunnel under the railway, we found ourselves opposite the chancel end of the church of which we were in quest. There was an old disused brick field to the right of the church, and a questionable kind of passage to the left, so we entered the very circumscribed churchyard and came through it to the front, where the principal entrance is.

St. George's cannot be called a handsome church to look at; indeed, a word of opposite or contrary signification would be more suitable. It is built of staring red brick, crimson brick you might say, with a large square tower, also brick, unrelieved by clock dial or any ornament whatever; but it was built in the "dark ages," and, we believe, has been in the dark ever since. It appears to have been consecrated in 1818, but we understand that it was originally built for a Presbyterian chapel, and used as such for some time before it was adopted into the Anglican fold. They had better have let it alone and left it as it was, or have pulled it down and sold the bricks to make railway arches, for all that appears ever to have been done there. We do not know much about Presbyterianism beyond its external characteristics of good Sunday clothes, more or less of a North-country accent, and a weakness for toddy. But things couldn't be worse under such a régime than they are now. On entering the church we were met by a venerable old man, the sexton or pew-opener, who answered our request for a seat with a look, half reproachful, which seemed to say, "Nay, but to see the nakedness of the land ye are come." We were just about to say, "Well, never mind, it's not *your* fault, at least;" but he led the way, and opened a pew in the middle aisle, and we took our seat on a scanty cushion, which felt as if it were stuffed with feathers and walnuts. Of course we preferred the comparative softness of the deal plank, and removed the dusty nuisance. There is a broad middle aisle, as it is generally called, with pews on each side, and side aisles pewed on both sides, those between the aisles and the walls irregular in size, frontage, and height—quite a curiosity in pew-building. There is a high three-decker in the middle of the church, with all the old-fashioned glories of cushion, tassels, fringe, and the rest, so placed as to be seen all over the church, but to hide the little recess that does duty for a chancel from the main part of it. There is a row of plain, factory-like windows on each side for the ground floor, and other rows above for the galleries, which are high and steep, and there is a small organ in the usual cross gallery at the west end.

The service was begun at about a quarter to eleven by a curate reading the prayers, with an utter absence of expression on his features or in his voice. The organ was made as much of as its capacity would allow, and the singing was done by a large detachment of Sunday school girls, who chanted the Psalms and Canticles in unison, not badly, considering, and intoned the responses. When the service began there was one young man before us, and there were two young persons somewhere behind us, and no more on that side of the body of the church, and on the other side there was—nobody. When the service had got well on, if the phrase is allowable, there was one middle-aged man, of the labourer class, placed some distance before us, and on the other side a decent old body came alone, a poor woman was put by our old friend in another pew, and a little man with two children came and occupied a third. There was a small collection of Sunday-school children that occupied a few of the rearward pews in the side aisles, and there were two ladies in the gallery. The curate began pretty well, but he soon let that untameable cat, the Irish accent, out of the bag, and it got rampant in the Litany. It certainly enjoys "fixity of tenure." After the Litany, the Reader was ushered out of his high desk, where he had had the Jesuits' monogram I H S on the pulpit front at the back of his head, and went to the south end of the communion table. It was Communion Sunday, and the table and everything on it, vessels, cushion, and all, were covered with a large white cloth, which came down to the floor on all sides. The communion service was begun by some one that the three-decker hid from view, in the old-fashioned, high-polite, hollow-voiced style, and, during the subsequent hymn, we saw a little man escorted to the vestry in surplice, and from it, in black gown, to the pulpit back, and he presently appeared, like the chimney-sweep of our boyhood, at the top, and we almost expected him to cry "All right." He said an extempore prayer, composed of little bits of several of the collects and of the communion service, and, after the Lord's Prayer once more, he began to preach. We suppose we may call it a sermon,

but there was no text, either as a guide to him or a key to us, so we had to try and make out what he was driving at, but we found, when in about twelve or fifteen minutes he stopped, that we couldn't. We say he stopped; he didn't finish or come to an end, but simply ceased or gave up, and we are quite sure he had as little notion as we had what he had meant. The sermon, or address, or whatever it was, had no beginning, and finished without an end. About one quarter of it consisted of quotations from hymns and doggrel verse of varying badness, and the other part of shreds and patches of scriptural expressions and some of "his own." Nothing of the doctrine or teaching of the church, but all wild and unconnected, "full of sound and fury, signifying—nothing." And the action, the manner, was as remarkable and repulsive as the—*matter*, heaven save the mark!—was bombastic and incomprehensible. He struck an attitude with his face at the beginning, by scowling fearfully at the organ pipes, with a harsh, grating tone to match; gradually relaxing this, he looked blandly at a gas bracket, and quoted from a hymn, in a kind of tenor recitative, in smoothly flowing accents; and, after appealing in sorrowful high tones to a boss in the ceiling, he dropped into the gravel-crushing, cinder-walk business again, and went up and down the oratorical gamut with the practised ease of an acrobat on the trapeze, and with about as much usefulness to his fellow-creatures.

What is it all for? we asked as we walked home. We see by our veracious companion, the *Diocesan Calendar*, that the patronage of the living is vested in the Bishop; that the rector is the Rev. T. Middleton, whose name was rather conspicuous in the public prints some years since in connection with a matter to which we don't wish further to allude; and that the income is £300 a year. Three hundred a year, for what? Such a service as this—in a church with a ceiling black almost with age, with the flagged floor shining with damp and dirt, the paint on the woodwork so ancient, shrivelled, and decayed, that even the numbers on the pew-doors are not distinguishable? Surely a trifle could be spared out of the £300 a year towards keeping up that cleanliness which, if not a form of, is said to be next to, godliness! Here is a church, and a clergyman, and a curate, placed in the very largest parish in Manchester and Salford, and ministering, or supposed to be ministering, to a population of more than 24,000, and the result is the melancholy and deplorable spectacle we have described. In all sincerity and earnestness we say—this sort of thing cannot be suffered to go on much longer. We must have a "revised code" in the church, and payment by results. In the meantime, let us have some results for the payment.

COTTON PROSPECTS.

BY OUR OWN TIPSTER.

WE have much pleasure in laying before our readers the valuable information conveyed in the following letter from an esteemed correspondent, who has access to the most trustworthy sources in all parts of the globe, and who, in his laudable exertions, has no other object in view than the good of the community in general and himself in particular. If cotton spinners, speculators, dealers, merchants, and agents do not now avail themselves of the information afforded them, and make ample fortunes during the present year, let them not lay the blame on us. It will be seen, from the statistical information communicated, that our correspondent completely distances all his competitors in the elaborate and complete nature of his investigations. The figures we have not space enough to insert, but our readers can supply them for themselves. Meanwhile we provide them with his figures of speech.

Puddlepool, February 7, 1870.

DEAR SPHINX,—I now beg to furnish you with the statistics of Toole-Green's *See-'em-at-a-Glance*, which will afford an excruciating test, that will enable you and your readers to foretell with accuracy the future course of the price of cotton, yarn, and calico. The tables you may depend upon, and the figures, which are reckoned in thousands, you can fill up at your leisure from those which I now enclose.

1. The stocks of cotton in the United States, London, and Liverpool.
2. The cotton at sea and the cotton under the sea.
3. The cotton in China, India, Australia, and South America.
4. The cotton in Egypt, in the centre of Africa where the foot of even Dr. Livingstone never trod, and other unknown regions.
5. The stocks in spinners' hands and those of speculators.
6. Cotton sold which has not yet been bought.
7. Cotton bought which has not yet been sold.
8. Cotton bought which has not yet been paid for.
9. Cotton bought which never will be paid for.
10. Cotton in Chancery, and speculators likely to be in ditto.
11. Amount of cotton prigged from the time it leaves the plantations until it reaches consumers.
12. Amount of cotton used for stopping people's ears, and throwing dust in spinners' eyes.
13. Cotton used in hospitals for scalds, and for any other purpose whatever, anywhere.
14. Retrospective statistics of cotton, by Sir Thomas Bazley, Bart., M.P., and John Cheetham, Esq., ex-M.P.
15. Quantity of cotton consumed by Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P., and Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P.
16. Protestant motive engine power in Salford, by Mr. Cawley, M.P.
17. Number of spinning Jennies kissed in Salford by Mr. W. T. Charley, M.P.
18. Number of mules hitherto driven by the Right. Hon. John Bright, M.P.
19. Estimate of plain calico used for skirts in the Pantomimes, by the Columbines, Miss McGinty and Miss Fanny Brown.
20. Estimate of fancy goods in the shape of spots, by Mr. John Roberts, Mr. W. Cook, and Alderman R—m—y.
21. Estimate of ditto in the shape of stripes, by Captain Mitchell, of the County Gaol, and the garotters under his charge.
22. Estimate of ditto in the shape of checks, by Mr. Chambers, treasurer of the Theatre Royal, and the tellers of the Branch Bank of England.
23. Estimate of spindles (shanks) in St. Ann's Square on a Saturday morning, by A. Spoonbill, Esq., A.S.S.
24. Estimate of throstles at work, by Mr. Towell, bird-fancier, Long Millgate.
25. Estimate of domestics, T(ea)s, cob-twists, grinders, strippers, self-acting minders, and two-legged roving frames, by the Right. Hon. James Lea, President of the Board of Refreshments.

Now, my dear *Sphinx*, you will see from the above tables what are the principal facts deducible. Prices are now decidedly dearer than they were this time last year, and American cotton is above threepence per lb. higher than it was this time two years, from which you will rightly conclude that it is so much too dear. On the other hand it is at quite half the price which ruled a little more than four years since, from which excruciating test you will also correctly arrive at the opinion that it is so much too cheap. Three months since, I prophesied that it would be much cheaper, and so it would have been if it had neither been steady nor become dearer. For the present, my predictions have been falsified by the laxity of the bears and the costiveness of the bulls, who would persist in buying. If spinners had shut up their mills cotton would have been cheaper. It is all very well for Beales Brothers, W. P. Blight, Macwaffy, and others, to give tips. Never mind them. A late collywobblegram reports that the quality of the cotton now arriving at the American ports has fallen off. Never mind; be not deceived; cable communications corrupt good cottons. There is but one *Sphinx*, and Toole-Green is his tipster.—Yours respectfully,

W. T. L. GREEN.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE THEATRES.

WE have to substitute two pleasant announcements for the rumour in reference to the Prince's Theatre to which we gave currency last week. It is true the management contemplated some arrangement with Mr. Boucicault for the presentation of one of his latest pieces, but *Formosa*, we understand, was declined as soon as its character became known—that is, many weeks ago—and for other reasons, which it is unnecessary to specify, the negociations with the leader of the sensational drama were broken off—a result which nobody will regret, except perhaps the author himself. Preparations are now actively in process for the production of *Coriolanus*, and with it Mr. Calvert will

complete the revival at the Prince's Theatre of Shakespere's great Roman plays. In this case, the term "revival" is scarcely accurate, because, so far as we are able to ascertain, the tragedy has never yet been played in Manchester—certainly not within the recollection of very old playgoers. Its production is therefore all the more acceptable, and we trust its success will be commensurate with the greatness of the undertaking. In August next, Mr. Compton, the eminent comedian of the Haymarket company, will commence a twelvemonths' engagement at the Prince's Theatre, and we believe this event—a notable one in the dramatic annals of Manchester—will be further signalized by the production of a new play in which Mr. Compton will appear. At the Theatre Royal in April, the gross proceeds of a whole week's performances are to be devoted to the charitable institutions of the town. Whether this resolve on Mr. Knowles's part be unadulterated charity, or charity and policy commingled, it is enterprise and spirit; and enterprise and spirit ought to be rewarded by success. How splendid an occasion it would be, if the audiences would crowd the theatre in such numbers as to make the contribution of the play-goers equal that of the church-goers at the simultaneons collection. That, of course, is quite impossible. One temple of the drama cannot hope to rival one thousand temples of religion. But if the quality of the entertainment is good—a point upon which the success of the project must largely depend—the stage contribution will doubtless bear a favourable comparison with that collected, under the incitements of the pulpit, in a wider field.

MUSIC AT THE ATHENÆUM.

The concert at the Athenæum, on Friday last, was one of the most successful, and in many respects the best we have heard given by the musical society of that institution. The programme was pleasantly varied, and we were not a little astonished to hear the sapient criticism addressed by a gentleman to the trustful ear of a young lady companion, that all the pieces sounded as though written by the same composer. The taste of the selections was altogether unexceptionable. Macfarren's Cantata "May Day," which includes the part song "The Hunt's Up," was pleasantly performed. Among the most successful solos were Mozart's "Farewell," sung by Miss F. Cooper, and a song composed by Dr. Hiles, "The Hebrew Mother," the touching pathos of which was well rendered by Miss Clelland, who, if we mistake not, takes a prominent part in the musical services at St. Peter's Church. Perhaps the greatest enthusiasm was evoked by the singing of a duet composed by Glover, "Over the Hawthorn Hedge." The archness of the Misses Higham was quite in keeping with the plot of the song. The words seemed to be enjoyed in a personal sense by many of the audience, for these concerts are especially popular with lovers, who may be easily discovered by observation of the remarkable closeness with which any two of them study one programme. That people so happy should discover the wonderful discomfort of the seats, is scarcely to be expected. A solitary cynic may, perhaps, be allowed to hint that the arrangements for the audience—at best not much suggestive of luxury—become more intolerably disagreeable as the concerts increase in popularity.

A WORD WITH M.R.C.S.'s.

In our paragraph last week about the worthlessness of alphabetical catalogues at the end of people's names, we selected Member of the Royal Geographical Society as typical of the degree that means an annual subscription and little more. It should, of course, have been "Fellow" (or F.R.G.S.); and, by an excusable typographical error, the printer made us seem to throw discredit upon one of those very few four letter symbols (M.R.C.S.) which really stand for some work done, and some attainment reached. Moreover, the description, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, is what may be called a degree for use; and we were disparaging what may be called degrees for ornament.

AN OLD SWINGING SIGN.—The Judge's black cap.

MOTTO FOR SIR JOSEPH HERON'S CREST.—Modus *Up*perandi.

Dr. Johnson, once speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said, "If he had two ideas in his head, they would fall out with each other."

TRAMWAYS.

TRAMWAYS is the question of the day. As such, it is in the highest degree important that the subject should be understood by the public, and discussed. We have already done our share towards bringing it before the notice of the town. And as it is most inexpedient for any organ to be always playing on one stop, we would willingly resign the theme to other columns. We did, indeed, once fold our hands, expecting, in an inadvertent mood, that the newspapers would take the subject up. It momentarily escaped our memory that it is not proposed to lay down tramways in Kamschatka, nor yet in Timbuctoo, but in Manchester. Our own town being the place concerned, of course the subject has been scouted by our own town's newspapers. Busy with the politics of nations, the concerns of Manchester are passed over by their elevated noses as less than nothing and vanity. Let us except from this disparagement the *City News:* which, it is fair to say, assiduously discharges its function of forming and expressing opinions—whatever those opinions may be, and however they may be expressed—upon everything that affects the city of which it is not the spasmodic examiner, the apathetic guardian, or the clerical courier, but the genuine news. The tramway question being entirely disregarded by the daily papers, and the general public being in a hopeless state of fog upon the subject, who shall blame us if we once more take the matter up, and try and let a little daylight into it?

The fact is, the subject is entirely misconceived, so far as it is conceived at all. Members of local boards are cutting their own throats, and local vestrymen are hanging themselves up, in all directions. Usually, men who haven't brains enough to understand anything else, have just sufficient to comprehend their own pecuniary interests. In the case of tramways, they have not. Because they have got a maggot in their heads that somebody else is going to make a lot of money—which in this instance seems to us not certain—they refuse to make a profit for themselves. Yet it requires no more intellect than what is requisite to weigh a pound of butter to perceive that tramways, properly managed, are a benefit to everybody. They do not take money out of one body's pocket and put it into another's, but they extract a benefit from the material world that was not got from it before, and share that benefit between the carriers and the carried. The extra profit which the promoters get (in economised power) is got, not out of the public, but out of the metal iron. The benefit which the public gets (in rapidity and ease of locomotion, and possibly, eventually, in diminished fares) is got, not out of the promoters, but out of the same mineral. To snarl at tramway companies is not the bark of the dog in the manger, who couldn't get anything himself so wouldn't let other people, but of a much sillier dog, who *can* get something for himself yet won't.

There is nothing more foolish in this world than the opposition of such of the representatives of the public as oppose street railways. We are glad to see that many of the public's representatives—to wit, the Salford corporation—have the sense to perceive that trams ought not to be opposed. But even these seem to have but the flimsiest conception of the enormous boon they hesitate about accepting heartily. Granted that tramway companies, if treated fairly, get a profit out of tramways, what they get is nothing like as much as what the public get. Not only are the passengers carried along with a motion that is positively exhilarating, but the roads which now are hacked to pieces, and repaired at their expense, will be untouched by cars, except in one part, there comparatively slightly worn, and even there repaired by the companies. The apprehension of accidents occurring through the accelerated pace of travelling is an objection only worthy of old women who have outlived their allotted span, to whom alone the tramways would be dangerous, and whom tramways may partly have been invented to clear off the face of the earth. There were many who jeered at Stephenson for anticipating locomotives to go twelve miles an hour; and who adduced as an argument against the permission of that speed, even supposing it could be attained, the high rate of mortality it might induce amongst the cows. "Suppose a cow got in the way?" said they. "So much the worse for the cow," said Stephenson. Suppose a rambling reporter gets into the tramway track, and won't get out of it—and rambling reporters often won't get out of tracks when they have once got into them, even though they be the wrong tracks—then, say we, so much the worse for the rambling reporter.

Certainly, the general public have no cause to complain. If anybody has a cause, it is the private carriage owners. But we do not think their case is half so bad as we were apprehensive it would be, before we saw the perfect ease with which they bowl across the rails laid down in Liverpool. They drive about the road as independently and facilely as if no rails were down. The improvement in the construction of trams, some time since prophesied in these pages, seems to be in a large measure attained. As for tramway cars being an impediment to traffic, we opine that they will be the opposite. With properly constructed rails, in the absence of the cars the roads will be as open as they ever were; and as the cars proceed, they will marshal the traffic better than an army of policemen, and so may be save the ratepayers more money still. The most crowded thoroughfare in the world is London Bridge. The traffic there is marshalled in four rigid lines—*for its convenience*. Eight parallel ruts are clearly worn into the pavement. What is that but tramways? And even supposing that the private carriage traffic is in some measure impeded, what of that? The vehicle of the general public is the omnibus. Why should the carriages of the many be impeded by the absence of rails, in order that the carriages of the few may not be impeded by their presence? Omnibuses will no more have a superior benefit in part of the road, with tramways, than carriages have a superior benefit in all the road, without them. If it were a question of monopoly at all—which it is not—which has the better right to it? The vehicle of the patrician, or the vehicle of the people? It is not a question of monopoly at all, but it *is* a question of superior advantage. And we say, the people have a right to it. But whatever we, or anybody else, say, the result is beyond doubt. Tramways is the battle of the few against the many—of the pounds against the pence. We know which always ultimately wins. We know which is the stronger—the patrician or plebeian—without going back to English history. We know the million pence can do more than the hundred pounds.

Tramways must, then, be laid down. Who ought to lay them down? As a matter of abstract right, we think the corporation ought. But we have reason to believe the corporation won't. As a matter of poiicy, we think that it is right. Tramways are in their infancy, and who first lays them down does so under many disadvantages. Yet three companies—at length amalgamated into one—propose to lay them down. Well, we admire their pluck, and envy their finances—more now than we shall when all their legal, engineering, parliamentary, and practical expenses are deducted. Not only do they offer to lay tramways down, but—and this seems to us monstrously unfair upon themselves—to repair such portion of the roads, with a margin of a foot on each side, as is covered by the trams. This is, in effect, to pay for what the ratepayers pay for now—the wear and tear inflicted on the roads by omnibuses. It is to pay more—it is to pay for wear and tear inflicted on one half the road by other vehicles as well. It is to pay one half the rates. It is to give the public more than the convenience of present omnibuses, with not only none of their expense but a bonus into the bargain! So far as the public pocket is concerned, it is to take omnibuses off the roads. So far as the pockets of the tramway companies are affected, it is the re-imposition of toll-bars, with an extra toll upon *them*, and no toll at all upon anybody else. We say, even in the name of the public, that such a clause would be a gross injustice, and the township that availed itself of such a clause a mean community. What on earth possesses the promoters to propose so gross an imposition on themselves—unless it be terror of Lord Redesdale—we cannot imagine. But if we say what on earth possesses *them*, we say what on earth, in heaven, or in the moon, possesses those infatuated vestrymen who protest against the tramway scheme upon the score of injury to the ratepayers! Verily, Balaam's is not the last ass that has spoken.

Suppose, for a moment, that tramways repaired by the companies were down; and that everybody was accustomed to them; and that it was proposed to take them up, and run the omnibuses on the roads, as they are run now, at the expense of the ratepayers—*that* would be the opportunity for howling. When people make the converse of this state of things the occasion for a loud performance on the bagpipes of despair, it is evident they do not understand the subject. But we do not think that the majority of the public are averse to tramways. It is more the novelty of the idea than anything else that alarms those who are alarmed at all. A little practical experience of luxurious locomotion will have its due effect upon them, and we shall hear no more of the tune the old cow died of. Another element of prejudice against the trams is the idea that it is a new contrivance of the Manchester Carriage Company's to emulate Herr Frikell in the way of conjuring money out of other people's pockets into their own. Well, the Manchester Carriage Company must be very badly managed, if that operation is not generally its endeavour; but in this particular case of tramways, it is sufficiently obvious that this company has no more choice than what was commonly accorded to the late Mr. Hobson. They were doing very well before tramways were proposed, and surely would have had the judgment to let well alone. But tramways were proposed to be laid down by other companies, and self-preservation was much the first law of nature under the Companies' Act, 1862, as under any other order of creation.

We confess we go in thoroughly and heartily for tramways. Of the impracticability of sidings, points, and details of that sort, we have before expressed our sense. But in the superiority, in principle, of tramways over common roads, we utterly believe. Of their success we have no doubt. They will come, they will be seen, and they will conquer. Already the prospect of them is so vivid to us that it is with difficulty we tolerate the groaning 'bus and straining horses that now jolt us up and down. The time is not far distant when we shall look upon those lumbering vehicles with all the pity and contempt with which we now regard an old stage-coach. The day is near at hand when we shall sit upon the top of a new tramway car beside the rambling reporter of the *City News*, and smoke with him the cigarette of peace, rolled up for us by his converted fingers.

BILLIARDS.

COOK'S LATEST PLAYING AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE match for the Billiard Championship will be played to-day, Friday. With regard to the result of that match, we have no reason to alter the opinion we expressed last week; but, among the hundreds who witnessed the playing of Cook, at the Hen and Chickens, Oldham Street, on the Wednesday and Thursday of last week, there were many who wished they had put their ingots on the other back, for Cook's preliminary canters on those evenings were very unpromising, and were calculated to shake the confidence of his nearest friends and henchmen. Let us see what he did. He played Moss, to whom he gave five hundred in a thousand, and was beaten by four hundred and sixty-nine points. His largest breaks were thirty-eight, forty, and ninety-seven; while Moss failed to do anything beyond forty-six. The Table, a Baillie and Swallows, differed from ordinary tables in several important points, the pockets being only $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, and the spot being placed $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the cushion. It was expected that these alterations would detract very much from the brilliancy of Cook's play, but no one for a moment dreamt of his being beaten by Moss at evens, or nearly so. Yet that was the result. He stumbled repeatedly at the spot-stroke, played without any spirit, seemed tired and worn out, and was evidently glad to put the cue down. "Ichabod," growled an old sporting spirit, as he elbowed his way through the crowd, evidently intent on securing a final lotion for his wounded feelings, and visibly disgusted with the whole affair. Other satirical rogues who were there asked "How about the Championship?" and inquired of some who were very quiet, how they liked the look of things temporal. But Cook's friends explained that he had come direct from the station to play, after a long fatiguing journey and a hard morning's work, and was totally unfit that evening, but that the morrow would find him in his old form, and good enough to play for a kingdom.

The morrow came, and J. Roberts, junr., took up the cue to attack the coming man. Let us look at the result of that game also. Cook played badly, as before, and lost by three hundred and two points. His largest breaks were 61, 43, and 73, while those of Roberts were 76, 62, 73, and 85, besides the ordinary twenties and thirties which form such important items in a game. Roberts played better than usual; Perhaps he was put on his mettle by being offered two hundred points in a thousand, an offer which he flatly refused to accept. All at once it was discovered that some blunderer had placed the spot *eleven and a half inches* from the cushion, instead of twelve and a half inches, and had thus increased the original difficulty that Cook had to encounter. "That accounts for the milk in the cocoa-nut," exclaimed Cook's

puzzled and despairing friends; and so in a measure it did. It was not the ride from London, or the loss of rest, so much as the alteration in the position of the red. Those who know the game of billiards will understand what a great difference this would make to a player who had studied the spot-stroke so accurately as Cook has under the old conditions, and how much the repeated failures consequent on the alteration would affect the game. As it was, Cook failed to execute more than nineteen consecutive spot-strokes; a very satisfactory number for us may be, but a very unsatisfactory number for him. He was evidently annoyed at this poor exhibition of his skill, and his pale, anxious face looked paler and more wearied than ever; yet when the mistake was discovered, we do not think he attached much importance to his defeat as a line by which to form a judgment of his capability to win the championship. Nor do we.

His two successive and very decided failures have in no way shaken our faith in him, nor do we think they can be considered as any indication that his eye has lost its aim, or his hand its cunning. In billiards as in shooting, there is always a "glorious uncertainty," and it becomes a game of chance whenever two equally good players, or two equally handicapped competitors, play. Had Cook known that the spot was wrongly placed, in addition to the pockets being narrower, he would undoubtedly have played less up to the spot-stroke, and more of the all-round game, as did his opponents. At his best, on the old table, he can beat Moss at five hundred in a thousand, and J. Roberts, jun., at evens; and if, to-day, all things are equal round that green cloth in the great St. James's Hall, London, Cook will win the wreath from the brow that has worn it, and has deserved to wear it, so long, and will to-morrow stand on that pinnacle than which, in the billiard world, there is none higher.

[LOCAL ART TREASURES.]

MR. RICKARDS'S COLLECTION.

THE collection of art treasures formed by Mr. C. H. Rickards, of Old Trafford, long and honourably known as the chairman of the Manchester Board of Guardians, is so unique that it gives but little opportunity for criticism, for, with one exception, his pictures are the work of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., an artist of whom it is not too much to say, that he is one of the most admired of our time; and, what is far more, one of the very few who are thoroughly educated in art. Mr. Watts always tries to achieve the highest qualities in his pictures; far more so than the majority of our painters, who are satisfied with what they, with a kind of modesty, call "trying to paint what they see," forgetting that the very material with which they work renders it impossible that they should ever entirely succeed, and ignoring all those resources by which only they might convey to the spectator the *impression* of what they see, which is the one first intention of a picture. These artists give us some few hard facts most realistically portrayed, but their pictures, by reason of their incompleteness, convey but little pleasure, because, while some portions are wrought out to the fullest possible extent, the remainder are painfully and unavoidably inferior. It should be the first part of the education of an artist to learn how much he can accomplish realistically with paint, and then to accommodate his power in that respect with what it is impossible to realize, but which it is still necessary for him to suggest. It is this power of bringing the possible to meet the impossible, and then creating a work of art as nearly complete in itself as may be, that makes Mr. Watts one of our few great living painters. Non-professional observers (atechnics) often remark that his pictures strike them as being unfinished. They fail to see that they are always of a piece, and that it would be impossible for him to sacrifice the homogeneousness of a picture for the sake of a little *tour de force* of imitative painting, such as is often to be found in the works of another great, but unequal painter, Mr. Millais. For example, it is not likely that Mr. Watts would ever bring himself to paint a magenta ribbon; but if he did, he would not place it (the brightest point of colour in the picture) in a corner, and elaborate it as much as any of the more important parts, as is done in a well-known picture by Mr. Millais.

Mr. Rickards's collection comprises the following pictures by Mr. Watts:—Ariadne; the Island of Cos; Time, Death, and Judgment; Sir Hildebrand; Esau; Undine; Daphne; Il Penseroso; Virginia; Mergretta; May; Helen; Bianca; Edith; Little Red Riding Hood; Portraits of Mr. C. H. Rickards, Mr. G. F. Watts, Herr Joachim, Lord Lyndhurst; and a Study of Two Donkeys' Heads; and by M. Legros, a Landscape. Of these, the asses' heads and Mergretta and Virginia have been so recently mentioned in our notes on the last exhibition at the Royal Institution that they may be passed by here. At the same place, in the previous year, the May and the Helen were exhibited, and we then observed of the May that, although one of the finest pictures in the room, it was not likely to interest any but artists. It is merely a girl, kneeling at a table, reading. There are no accessories; nothing permitted to draw the attention from the simple action of the girl and the expression of her face. The flesh painting—the shadows particularly—is in the grandly luminous, broad manner of the greatest of the Venetians. The Helen is a head in profile, with a yellow background, and, though simpler still and slighter than the May, is equally fine in colour and expression. Ariadne is one of the most lovely pictures in a collection where all are lovely. The figure of Ariadne, nude to the waist, reclines in sleep, while in the background—a gloomy sky and sea—is the ship carrying away Theseus. The flesh painting in this picture is simply a marvel, and the whole colour is superb. The art critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, noticing this work last year, suggested that Mr. Watts should repeat it on a larger scale, and certainly the suggestion is worth the consideration of the artist. It would be superfluous to mention critically all the pictures individually, as the same high qualities belong more or less to each. Probably, of the heads not ostensibly portraits, the one entitled Bianca would be most generally selected as the finest. It is a half length of a very fair woman, with warm-coloured hair and flowers in her hands. As in most of these pictures, there is a strong suggestion of the great Venetian masters, but in none is that quality so apparent as in this; the pose of the head, the colour, the type of beauty, and the manner of painting, are especially Titianesque. In fact, it is not too much to say that this room, closely hung with twenty pictures by Mr. Watts, looks far more like a piece of the National Gallery than a modern dining room. They even seem to have the age.

Of the declared portraits, that o r. Rickards himself must be well known, and it is surely unnecessary to speak of it here as a portrait. As a work of art it is equal to its companions, and more need not be said. That of the artist himself is no less excellent, but Herr Joachim cannot be passed by so easily, for, being much larger, two very important items in a portrait are included—the hands. Formerly it was an almost perfect likeness, but since Herr Joachim has thought proper to wear hair on his face, and thereby seriously injure what is one of the noblest and, in expression, most speaking heads to be imagined, the only parts to be recognized now are the eyes, till we come to the hands, and they are portraits as far as it is possible for them to be. Anyone who has *seen* Herr Joachim play will admit that, whatever changes have happened to the face, this great picture is still a portrait. The head of Lord Lyndhurst, in his peer's robes, is the last addition to the gallery. It is full of power and character.

The Island of Cos is a charming picture. The rocks of the island stretch across the distance; in front lies the pale gray sea; and, in the foreground, the sea is opened and the lower half of the picture filled by a band of Oceanides. In colour, they seem to be a part of the sea itself—

> And their fair limbs to float in motion,
> Like weeds unfolding in the ocean.

It is almost impossible to describe this picture in words—the division into two parts, showing the surface and interior of the ocean, is so peculiar. Whether the lower portion be an afterthought or not, and the upper simply a study from nature, we cannot say, but we certainly cannot agree with some of the critics that it should be cut in two, because the two parts do not suit each other. Anyhow, it is so beautiful that more landscape work would be most welcome from one who shows himself so accomplished in that branch of art as Mr. Watts does in this case.

The large allegorical work entitled Time, Death, and Judgment, would no doubt be considered by many non-professional observers to be the finest picture in the collection, because it contains the greatest number of figures. Finest or not, it is extremely interesting. "Time," a young man, walks towards the spectator hand in hand with "Death," a pale woman, closely draped; while the figure "Judgment" rises from the

clouds above them, holding a sword by the hilt, and looking upwards to the light. It is too important a picture to be fairly described in the limits of this notice. It is very impressive, and should be seen to make any criticism of any service, or even comprehensible.

The landscape by M. Legros is peculiar, and certainly would not be appreciated by the multitude. Simple in composition, without any attempt at that kind of effect of light and shade so dear to English landscape painters, without any attempt to express minor details, its merit rests upon noble solemnity of colour and a certain grandeur of simplicity. The result is a picture of such impressiveness that we should search in vain for its like in modern art, except perhaps amongst the works of the best French landscape painters.

After having said so much in praise of Mr. Watts's work, it will not perhaps be unfair to criticize. There is nothing severe to be said, for the only fault is one of omission. Most of his pictures are fragmentary, being in most cases heads only, or half-lengths of single figures. Surely the same hand that painted them might design and execute some great and important works, in which composition and the highest poetical invention would be developed. It is almost impertinent to suggest anything where it may well be said that the artist must know best what he should do; but where so much has been done, and done so nobly, it is hardly possible to refrain from asking for still more.

In conclusion, we can only say as at first, that this collection is most unique, and of the utmost interest and value for study, as the many art-students will readily confess who have had, through Mr. Rickards's invariable courtesy, the fortunate opportunity of inspecting it.

STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE APPARITOR.

I HAVE been led to select the Apparitor for the second lesson of this service, because of all officials that I have ever known he appears to me to be the most to be envied. It is true that he is only at the tag end of the ecclesiastical chain, his Grace the Primate of all England being at the other end. Nor is the distance immeasurable. The interval consists of links of very reverend deans and reverend canons and rectors (I make no account of curates and such like rabble; they are not beneficed like the Apparitor, who is scarcely ever dispossessed, though drunken); and then, after the parish clerks, come the Apparitors. The sexton is not an ecclesiastical officer at all, but a simple hedger and ditcher, and not very pleasant subsoiler. Whatever may be the fate of the Church of England, and he would be a very keen and far-sighted layman who would pretend to define *that*, I think the Apparitor will swim at the top during the deluge. *He* is necessary; his Grace the Lord Primate perhaps is not. If Edward Miall were carried with Dr. Tait in a horse box to Doncaster, as if they were both entered for the Leger, it might turn out that Miall had kicked his stable companion Tait and exhibited vicious tendencies, whereas if Miall had to be shut up in the same horse box with an Apparitor, he would lick the latter in the natural and not the metaphorical sense, and joy and gladness would prevail.

The Apparitor combines the church and the world. My Apparitor, who is an ecclesiastic on Sunday, is in the lock and hinge trade for the rest of the week, and he flavours the church porch on a Sunday morning with those stringent and at the same time smooth tendencies which copper and oil individually bring about. He is at once metallic in smell and oleaginous in manner, and he gives you in summer the notion that he is a warm piston rod working smoothly up and down the sacred edifice. This same Apparitor is invaluable to the clergyman (I am compelled to take my cue from this particular one, because I cannot, in this chapter, generalize too much), who is a bachelor, and it is ordinarily believed in our congregation that, on Sundays, the Apparitor not merely shaves the reverend gentleman, but also attends monthly to cut his corns and mollify a permanent bunion, which overwrought mental effort at college is supposed to have caused to break out on the left foot of Timotheus, our brother. For these personal attentions, for which there is no warrant either in the rubric or the *Young Churchwarden's Companion*, he gets the cast-off clothes of his reverence, which, though they give him, by reason of discrepancy of figure, rather a baggy appearance, nevertheless endue him with ecclesiasticism as with a garment; so that if the Apparitor do not stand in the parson's shoes he walks about in his trousers. By means of an article known in clerical circles as "the black reviver," the Apparitor is enabled to make the old garments gleam again with a new lustre, so that in gloss and gloom he could only be measured by the side of a young cockroach on his bridal morn. I may mention that "the black reviver" is sold concrete in bottles, and may be had at any ironmonger's. A piece the size of a walnut would freshen up convocation, for it is very strong and will take a deal of water, which convocation will not.

The Apparitor goes into the vestry with a docile air—after the Parson has entered—with the air, indeed, of a man who has been doing wrong, and knows it. What he does in the vestry I cannot tell, although I have a burning curiosity upon the subject. After being in the vestry some time, he comes out and hangs about the door with his head down, not devotionally, but as if he expected the sudden exit of a rat, until the Parson emerges and walks to his reading-desk, when the Apparitor, with great good feeling, refrains from all further molestation, and rushes precipitately into the graveyard for a breath of fresh air. That is the reason why I mentioned at the outset of this discourse that I envied him. He is the only one in the congregation that can get the credit of being in church when he is really enjoying himself outside; and if *he* be not a happy man, who is? On a fine day in summer he suns himself in the porch and expectorates. Getting wearied of the orb of day and expectoration, he steps into the open and has a look at the swallows, as the pretty birds dart away after the flies, or soar or sail or skim in the clear air overhead, or talk to their young in their nest under the Gothic arches of the temple. All this time he can hear the buzz of the responses and the solemn moan and swell of the organ; through the open door he can see the restless school children fidgetting under the harrows of divine worship, in that peculiarly appealing way which school children always have, and will have until the wreck of matter. Poor little folks! how they wish they were apparitors! Occasionally they turn round to look at my Apparitor, when an adult teacher catches them an open-handed squelcher which sounds like wet butter, and they are knocked into the tune and temper of miserable sinners again. By this time the Apparitor, getting tired of standing, thinks he will take a seat, which he does upon a square block of tombstone sacred to the memory of Phœbe, the beloved wife of Joseph Jones, of this Parish. Still uneasy in body and mind, the Apparitor then becomes recumbent on the grave, so that Phœbe's virtues are obscured, and our functionary looks as if he were waiting himself for interment in the tomb of the Joneses. Then he gets up again, eats a bit of grass, yawns, stretches himself, expectorates, and starts kicking a hole in the ground with his heel. A hind (not a stag but a husbandman) shouts at him over the church-yard wall, "Well Joe!"—to which the Apparitor *loquitur*—"L O, William, is that thee? How goes it?" To whom William, deliberately, and not in haste, "Fine mornin!" If I were a man occupying the Apparitor's leading position I should say, "No, it isn't," just to lead him a little into polemics; but Joe only says "Hi," and the scene closes by the hind putting his hands into his pockets and whistling, as if he had told his beads and would be for the next few weeks disinclined for further conversation.

By this time the Apparitor has got fairly through a good portion of what he calls his duty, and it is time to put the Parson into the "railins," which is the Apparitor's easy rendering of the communion table. He walks down the aisle for that purpose, as it he had deeply felt the service so far and was a better man for it, and—having lodged "him" in the rails—he goes again outside, and takes a bird's-eye view of the church all round, counts the sheep (real sheep, not sinners) in a neighbouring meadow, marks, with the sporting faculty of all countrymen, a covey of partridges feeding a little farther on, and then throws stones at a shepherd's dog which had been examining, with ulterior views, the wall of the churchyard. He has so far done well and is not cast down, but there is the sermon to get through yet, and the Apparitor does not hallo until he is out of the wood. So, after the congregation has pledged itself inferentially not to steal, nor to covet their neighbours' manservants nor maidservants, which pledges they have broken all through the service, he lodges "him" once more in the vestry, as a preliminary to boxing "him" up in the pulpit. The Apparitor is now quite certain that he is his own master for twenty minutes; so, by way of breathing more freely, he clears the churchyard, goes across the turnpike road which skirts the acre of God, and sits upon a gate to take his chance. He muses to himself like a brewer, and he says, "The wort is fermenting, and we shall have abundant barm—let it work, only don't bother me, I will keep my eye on the vat, and the liquor shall be turned off in due course." It is turned off in due course, and the Apparitor, having a quiet conscience and a good appetite, goes home to his bit of frizzle with his missis, and snores in his shirt sleeves for the rest of the afternoon.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THE "GRESHAM"

Lock-Stitch, Reversible Feed

SEWING MACHINES,

Price £4. 4s. 0d. Stands, £1. 5s. 0d.

Are the cheapest first-class Machines in the market.

Other Lock-Stitch Machines by the best Makers,

From £3. 3s. 0d.

"FLORENCE" Sewing Machine Depôt,

BLACKFRIARS STREET,

Corner of Deansgate, MANCHESTER.

37, OXFORD STREET.

1s. per Box. 1s. 2d. by Post.

The Trade supplied on Wholesale Terms.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

Are the medicine most in repute for curing the multifarious maladies which beset mankind when dry, sultry weather suddenly gives place to chilly, drenching days. In fact, these Pills offer relief even if they fail of proving an absolute remedy in all the disturbances of digestion, circulation, and nervous tone which occasionally oppress a vast portion of the population. Under the genial, purifying, and strengthening powers exerted by this excellent medicine the tongue becomes clean, the appetite improves, digestion is quickened and assimilation is rendered perfect. These Pills possess the highly estimable property of cleansing the entire mass of blood; which, in its renovated condition, carries purity, strength, and vigour to every tissue of the body.

THE MOST EFFECTUAL PREPARATION for destroying Cockroaches, Beetles, and Crickets, is HUGHES'S TROPICAL BEETLE POWDER. Sold by all Chemists, in 3d., 6d., and 1s. packets, and at the Proprietor's, E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, Victoria and Cateaton-street, Manchester.

THE BRITANNIA

6½ Guineas.

67, Oldham-street. J. HODGSON.

EDWARD TAYLOR'S

SIXPENNY IMPERIAL FEEDING BOTTLES.

These Bottles are *each fitted* with *six* inches of the best Rubber Tubing and Seamless Teats.

Forty-eight Shillings per Gross. Wholesale, Twenty per Cent. Discount.

SPREAD PLASTER WORKS, SALFORD, MANCHESTER.

NOTICE THE

VALENTINE BAZAAR,

37, OXFORD STREET, Corner of Portland Street.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF

RIMMEL'S PERFUMED VALENTINES,

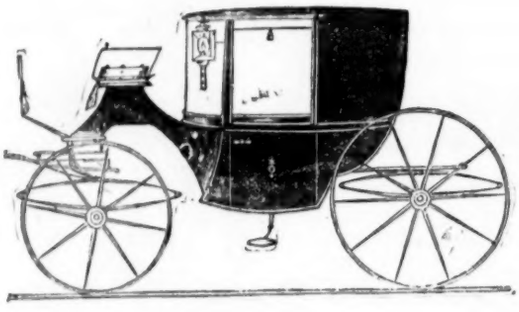
And other First-class French Makers.

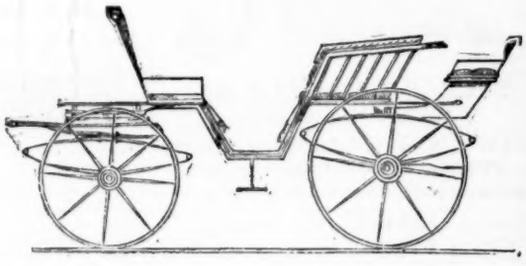
AN INSPECTION INVITED.

All Dunkerley and Franks' Umbrellas Are made on FOX'S Celebrated FRAMES. Being large producers, *Dunkerley & Franks* are enabled to offer them at astonishingly low prices.

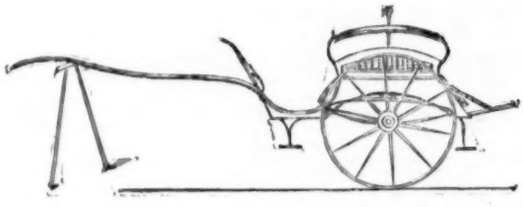
7, SWAN STREET, NEW CROSS, MANCHESTER.

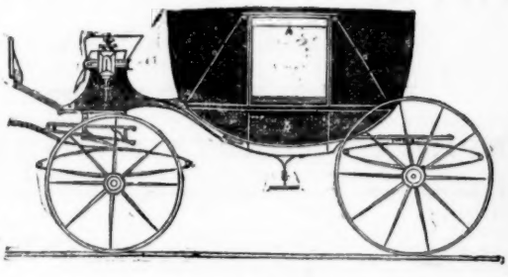
JOHN ROBERTS,
STRETFORD ROAD
CARRIAGE WORKS.





J. R. wishes to introduce to the Public his **New Racket Cart** or **Drag,** the greatest Novelty of the day, to ride low, easy of access for Ladies, and runs light, only $3\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.





All Carriages are constructed of best seasoned materials, and skilled workmanship.

Estimates and Drawings on application.

J. R. received the special commendation of the Judges at the Royal Agricultural Society's Meeting held in Manchester.

THE ONLY LIFE INSURANCE OFFICE in the Kingdom which issues its Policies to the public on ABSOLUTE GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, and retains the values of the net Premiums paid by Insurants, in Government Stock, deposited in the Bank of England, in trust for the sole purpose of meeting the claims of policy-holders, is the BRITISH IMPERIAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LIMITED. Policies cannot lapse or be forfeited, and may be converted into cash on demand.

TRUSTEES:

Christopher Weguelin, Esq., Director of the Bank of England, (Messrs. Thomson, Bonar, & Co.)
Charles Oppenheim, Esq., Director of the Union Bank of London, (Messrs. Samuel Oppenheim & Sons.)
William G. Goodliffe, Esq., Accountant General, India Office, Westminster.
Augustus F. Bayford, Esq., LL.D., Senior Registrar, Court of Probate, Doctors' Commons, Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester.

HEAD OFFICES:

BROWN STREET and MARSDEN STREET, MANCHESTER.

CHIEF OFFICES, LONDON:

20, COCKSPUR STREET, CHARING CROSS, S.W.
1, BROWN'S BUILDINGS, EXCHANGE, LIVERPOOL.

NOW READY,

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS, CLOTH LETTERED,

THE SECOND VOLUME OF

THE SPHINX:

Containing, in addition to a large number of general and descriptive papers, the following serial and classified articles:—

Living Men of Letters.
Lancashire Worthies.
London Papers.
Manchester Architecture.
Holiday Notes.
Churches and Preachers in Manchester and its Vicinity.
Sports and Pastimes in Manchester.
Manchester Banks.
Irish Sketches: by Edwin Waugh
The Clubs of Manchester.
Town Talk and Things in General.
Art, Music and the Drama in Manchester.

MANCHESTER:

J. G. KERSHAW & Co., 37, Oxford-street; and by order of all booksellers and newsagents.

CHURCHES & PREACHERS IN MANCHESTER.

The following articles have appeared in the *Sphinx*:—

No.
33.—Sunday Evening with the Secularists.
34.—A Morning with the Unitarians.
37.—The Rev. W. A. O'Connor.
38.—Taking Holy Orders under Bishop Lee.
38.—A Children's Chapel (Rusholme Road Independent).
39.—The Swedenborgians (Rev. John Hyde).
41.—St. Mary's, Hulme (Rev. F. C. Woodhouse.)
41 —The Stowell Memorial Church.
42.—Birch Church (Rev. Canon Anson).
43.—An Evening with the Christian Brethren.
45.—Manchester Cathedral.
45.—Sale Independent Chapel (Rev. Edward Morris).
46.—The German Church, Greenheys.
47.—Ritualism in Manchester (St. John Baptist's).
48.—St. Saviour's Church Rev W. F. Birch).
50.—The Rev. J. A. Gardiner (Presbyterian).
51.—Church Music in Manchester (Holy Trinity, Hulme, and the Jesuit Church).
52.—A Morning with the Baptists (Rev. H. J. Betts).
53.—The Church of the Ascension (Rev. C. T. Watson)
53.—Northen Churchyard.
54.—The Wesleyan College, Didsbury.
55.—St. Michael's and its Rector (Rev. G. S. Allen).
58.—Great Fast of the Jews.
59.—Deserted Churches: 1. St. Clement's.
60.—The Rev. J. A. Macfadyen.
61.—Deserted Churches: 2. St. Mary's.
62.—The Rev. G. W. Conder.
65.—Deserted Churches: 3. Sacred Trinity, Salford.
67.—Cheeryble Brothers' Church.
68.—A Visit to the Parish Church, Ashton-under-Lyne.

PLAGIARISM AND ORIGINALITY.—A reverend divine in the west end of London was what is called a popular preacher. This reputation, however, had not been acquired by his drawing largely on his own elcquence and erudition, but by the ingenuity with which he appropriated the thoughts of the great divines who had gone before him. His sermons were full of petty larcenies. A grave old gentleman came one Sunday, seated himself close to the pulpit, and listened with profound attention. The preacher had scarcely finished his third sentence before the stranger muttered, loud enough to be heard by all those around him, "That's Sherlock." The preacher frowned, but went on. He was glibly proceeding when the tormenting interrupter broke out with, "That's Tillotson." The preacher bit his lip and paused, but again thought it better to pursue the thread of his discourse. A third exclamation of, "That's Blair," was, however, too much, and completely exhausted his patience. Leaning over the pulpit, he cried, "Fellow, if you do not hold your tongue, you will be turned out." Without altering a muscle of his countenance, the imperturbable old gentleman lifted up his head and, looking the preacher full in the face, retorted, "That's his own!"

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

TOURS AND ANTIMUDDLE.—Probably next week.

X. Y. A.—The lines are excellent, but the subject is unsuitable for our columns.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., "Main" Printing Offices, 37, Oxford-st Manchester.

THE *SPHINX* BY POST.

The *Sphinx* is now published on Friday morning, in time for the early trains. The terms (free by post) are as follows:

	One copy.	Two copies.
Three months.....	2s. 2d.	3s. 3d.
Six months	4s. 4d.	6s. 6d.

JAMES HOYLE SMITH,

COACHBUILDER,

CONGLETON, CHESHIRE,

Exhibited his celebrated Novelty, which forms Five distinct Carriages, viz.: as Vis-a-vis, to drive from the inside. Ditto for Coachman. Ditto Close Carriage, with or without Driving Seat. Ditto Barouche Head.

The only maker in England. 4 shapes £150. 5 shapes £180.

ALSO HIS

ELECT, OR LADIES' DOG CART,

Hung low, and easy of access, suitable for Cob or Horse.—**Price £35 to £40,** according to finish.

JOHN KEIRNAN, Bespoke Bootmaker, 75, Portland Street. { ORDERS and REPAIRS done on the Premises.

PRINCE'S THEATRE,
MANCHESTER.
Proprietors, the Prince's Theatre Company, Limited.

TO-NIGHT, and EVERY EVENING, at SEVEN O'CLOCK, the
SECOND EDITION OF
FROGGEE
WOULD A-WOOING GO.
IMMENSE RECEPTION of the NOVELTIES.
GRAND FLORAL BALLET,
By Mesdames Vernet and Magny, and the Fairies of the Peri Lake.
FROGGEE'S TOPICAL SONG.
The DRAGON that GUARDS the DANCING WATER,
What he does and what becomes of him.
Made expressly for this edition by Labharte, of London,
GRAND PAS DE FOUS,
By Mesdames Vernet and Magny.
New Songs, New Dances, New Incidents, New Costumes.
Prices as usual. Children half price to Stalls, Dress Circle, and Upper Circle. Box-office open from Eleven to Two.

GLENFIELD STARCH.
EXCLUSIVELY USED in the ROYAL LAUNDRY, and HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS says, that it is
THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.
Awarded Prize Medal for its Superiority.
WHEN YOU ASK FOR
GLENFIELD STARCH,
See that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted.
WOTHERSPOON & CO., GLASGOW and LONDON.

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS.
PRITCHARD'S
Teething & Fever Powders
Are excellent for Children from Three Months to Twelve Years.
PRITCHARD'S TEETHING AND FEVER POWDERS are excellent when Children are cross, feverish, or restless.
PRITCHARD'S TEETHING AND FEVER POWDERS are recommended as an Antibilious Aperient for Adults, removing nervous and bilious head-ache, &c.
PRITCHARD'S CELEBRATED TEETHING AND FEVER POWDERS are daily becoming more sensibly appreciated.
The following are a few of the numberless Testimonials the Proprietor is daily receiving of their truly wonderful and valuable effects:—
Testimonial from the Rev. R. Webster Boat.
The Rev. R. Webster Boat has much pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of Mr. Pritchard's "Teething and Fever Powders," which have been *most useful* to his children, not only in Teething, but at other times.
He never likes to be without them, and recommends their use to all his friends who have young children.
Pensnett Parsonage, near Dudley, Jan. 8th, 1864.
"Romiley, near Stockport, May 8th, 1864.
"Dear Sir,—Enclosed are 15 stamps, please to send me a packet of your invaluable 'Teething Powders,' they have saved me pounds. I can safely say that, if parents only knew the value of them and would give them to their children, many lives would thus be saved.—Yours truly,
"J. H. STEWART.
"Mr. Pritchard, Manchester."
Sold by all Chemists Prepared only by the Sole Proprietor,
J. PRITCHARD, Chemist,
CHORLTON ROAD, MANCHESTER.
A Packet will be sent (post free) for 15 or 36 stamps.

GROVER & BAKER

67, Oldham-street. J. HODGSON.

BALL DRESSES can now be Perfectly WASHED, by using
TRAVIS'S COLLOID.

FIGURED MUSLINS will Look Better than New, by WASHING in
TRAVIS'S COLLOID.

WASH YOUR SILKS IN
TRAVIS'S COLLOID.

NO matter what Colour, } WASH IN
No matter what Fabric, }
TRAVIS'S COLLOID.

IT FIXES ALL COLOURS.

TO be had of all Drapers, Grocers & Chemists.
SOLE PATENTEES:
W. B. BROWN & CO.,
10, ST. MARY'S GATE, MANCHESTER.

THE
'Main' Printing Offices.
J. G. KERSHAW & CO.
LITHOGRAPHERS & LETTERPRESS PRINTERS,
BY STEAM POWER,
Patent Ledger and Account Book Manufacturers,
37, OXFORD STREET,
PORTLAND STREET, MANCHESTER
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
BOOKWORK,
PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES, CLUB RULES, &c.
PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL
SHOW CARDS, WINDOW and DOOR BILLS.
PLACARDS,
And HANDBILLS, in every variety of style and size.
LITHOGRAPHED
DRAWINGS OF MACHINERY, MAPS, PLANS OF ESTATES, &c.
BANKERS' NOTES, CHEQUES, DRAFTS, &c.
CIRCULARS, INVOICES,
STATEMENTS, PRICES CURRENT,
NOTE HEADS, &c.
Plain and Ornamental Tickets,
FOR SHIPPERS and the HOME TRADE.
All the most useful sizes of Star and Pattern Tickets kept in Stock.
General Commercial Lithographic Printing of every description, by their
Patent Anglo-French Steam Machine.
PATTERN BOOKS
And Sheets for Muslin and Calico Printers.
Every branch of the Printing and Stationery Trade executed on the Premises.
Printers and Publishers of *The Sphinx*, issued every Saturday.—Price One Penny.

OWEN'S { ROCKING HORSES, NURSERY YACHTS, SPRING HORSES.
OWEN'S { 2/6 ROYAL BEZIQUE, BAGATELLE TABLES, 30 1/ CARD GAMES.
OWEN'S { 6/6 MAHOGANY DESK, 10/6 FITTED WORK BOX, 2/6 INKSTANDS.
OWEN'S { DRESSING CASES, PEARL ALBUMS, LADIES' SATCHELS.
OWEN'S { FANCY CARD CASES, LEATHER ALBUMS and PURSES, PRESENTATION ARTICLES.
OWEN'S { 1, Oldham Street, AND 80, Deansgate. ESTABLISHED 45 YEARS.

FURS, Wholesale and Retail.
F. SCHMEHL, Fur Manufacturer,
9, St. Ann-st., and 133, Oxford-street.
FUR, SEAL, and ASTRACAN JACKETS, Fur Trimmings, Fur Hearth & Carriage Rugs, Buffalo Robes, &c.
Established 1847.

ASHTON & ROBINSON, the Manchester BILL POSTERS, 63a, Gt. Mount Street, Lower Mosley Street, and 44, Higher Cambridge Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock. Agents in all parts of the United Kingdom. Contracts undertaken to any extent. Members of the United Kingdom Bill Posting Association.

WAVERLEY PEN
Ninety-nine London, besides four hundred and twenty Provincial Newspapers, have strongly recommended the WAVERLEY, OWL, and PICKWICK PENS to their readers
Standard.—"A treasure in the hands of rapid writers."
Engineer.—"They embody an improvement of great value."
Sold everywhere, 6d. and 1s. per Box. 1s. 2d. by post.
MACNIVEN & CAMERON,
23 to 33, BLAIR STREET, EDINBURGH.
(Established 1770.)
London Agents: MILLINGTON & HUTTON.

MEERSCHAUM AMBERS
The Largest Assortment in the City.
MEERSCHAUM REVIVER,
To Remove Scratches, Burns, &c., with Directions; 6d. per Box: post free, eight stamps.
T. R. WITHECOMB,
28a, Victoria-street, MANCHESTER.

MANCHESTER: Printed and Published by the Proprietor, JOHN GEORGE KERSHAW, at 37, Oxford-street, in the parish of Manchester, and of 1, Stanley Terrace, Moss Lane West, in the parish of Manchester.—Saturday, February 12th, 1870.

J. C. EDWARDS, Tobacconist, &c., Manufacturer of the Piccadilly Smoking Mixture. Importer of Foreign Cigars. Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes. 107, PICCADILLY, NEAR RAILWAY STATION